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RELIGIOUS
POETRY

**"HIM THAT COMETH TO ME, I WILL
IN NO WISE CAST OUT."**

~~~~~  
Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am; and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot—  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within, and foes without—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in *Thee* to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—thy love now known,  
Has broken every barrier down:  
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone*,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

1944

1944

1944

1944  
Selection

Poetry, Religious - Collections.

**SELECTIONS**  
**OF**  
**RELIGIOUS POETRY.**

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When my spirit was overwhelmed within me then thou  
knewest my path.—Psalm cxlii. 3.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom,  
teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and  
hymns and spiritual songs.—Colossians iii. 16.

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REVISED AND ENLARGED.
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**PHILADELPHIA:**  
**HENRY LONGSTRETH, 347 MARKET STREET.**  
**1853.**

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SELECTIONS  
OF  
RELIGIOUS POETRY.

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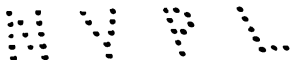
RETIREMENT AND PRAYER.

“And He withdrew into the wilderness to pray.”

IF thus our Lord withdrew,  
Stealing at times away,  
E'en from the loved and chosen few,  
In solitude to pray,  
How should His followers frail and weak,  
Such seasons of communion seek.

Seldom amid the strife and din  
Of sublunary things,  
Can spirits keep their watch within,  
Or plume their heaven-ward wings.

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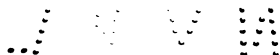


He must dwell deep indeed whose heart  
Can thus fulfil true wisdom's part.

Not in our own spontaneous will  
Can we the world shut out,  
Say to our passions, peace be still,  
Or check each rising doubt;  
Alone, by prayer 'tis slowly won,  
In the world's throng too rarely done.

How needful is it then for man  
From things of time to steal,  
Those of Eternity to scan,  
Their magnitude to feel?  
The first are transitory, vain,  
The last forever will remain.

Retirement must adjust the beam,  
And prayer must poise the scales,  
Our Guide, Example, Head supreme  
In neither lesson fails.  
Oh! may we in remembrance bear  
He loved retirement, practised prayer.



— HE CARETH FOR YOU.

“Casting all your care upon Him, for he careth for you.”—1 Pet. v. 7.

WHAT is it to cast the care on God?  
 Is it to keep the heaviest load,  
     And lay some trifling weight aside,  
 Still taking thought for every hour,  
 As if the Lord's sustaining power,  
     Were still unknown—at least untried?

Is it to shrink at future things,  
 To start at what the present brings,  
     And groan, when we but fear the rod,  
 Not to rejoice till we receive,  
 And only when we see, believe,  
     Is this to cast the care on God?

No, the believer doth not so—  
 As Shiloh's waters softly go,  
     He keeps his smooth and even way:

No evil tidings doth he fear ;  
His heart is fixed, his help is near,  
His strength is equal to his day.

Before he started for his crown,  
He laid a heavy burden down,  
A weight the pilgrim could not bear;  
His foes without, his fears within,  
His griefs, his weakness and his sin,  
And every thing that caused his care.

(Should doubts arise, should ills betide,  
God will protect, God will provide,  
He saith—and pondering in his breast  
The promise of his faithful Lord,  
He doth believe his plighted word,  
And so, he enters into rest.)

## TRUST IN THE LORD.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."—Jer. xvii. 17.

CEASE thou from man. Oh, what to thee,  
Can thy poor fellow mortals be ?  
Are they not erring, finite, frail ?  
What can their utmost aid avail ?

Their very love will prove a snare ;  
Then, when thy heart becomes aware  
Of its own danger, it will bleed  
For leaning on a broken reed.

Why does thy bliss so much depend,  
On earthly relative, or friend ?  
There is a Friend who changes never,  
The love He gives, He gives forever.

He has withdrawn thee now apart,  
To teach these lessons to thy heart ;  
Has darkened all thy earthly scene,  
That thou on Him alone mayest lean.



His precious love that balm supplies,  
 For which thy wounded spirit sighs,  
 That only medicine can make whole  
 The weary, faint and sin-sick soul.

Go to that Friend, poor aching heart,  
He knows how desolate thou art;  
 He waits—He longs to see thee blest,  
 And in Himself to give thee rest.

Guard well thy lips, none, none can know  
 What evils from the tongue may flow;  
 What guilt, what grief may be incurred  
 By one incautious hasty word.

*Rev. P. H. C.*

## COME TO ME.

“Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and  
I will give you rest.”—Matt. xi. 28.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;  
Yet, midst the gloom, I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, “Come to me.”

It tells me of a place of rest—  
It tells me where my soul may flee;  
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, “Come to me.”


When the poor heart with anguish learns  
That earthly props resigned must be,  
And from each broken cistern turns,  
It hears the accents, “Come to me.”

When against sin I strive in vain,  
And cannot from its yoke get free,  
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,  
The words arrest me, “Come to me.”

When nature shudders, loath to part,  
From all I love, enjoy and see,  
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,  
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

"Come, for all else must fail and die,  
Earth is no resting-place for thee.  
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy Portion, "Come to me."

O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above!  
And gently whisper, "Come to me."



————— **THOU GOD SEEST ME.**

“When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path.”—Psalm cxlii. 3.

MY God ! whose gracious pity I may claim,  
Calling thee “Father,”—sweet endearing  
name !

The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,  
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal  
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel,  
But, oh, this thought does tranquillize and  
heal,

All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,  
Each sick'ning fear, “I ne'er the prize shall  
win,”

Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,  
All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,  
Or in the night but little rest can take;

This brief appeal submissively I make,  
All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned,  
 Each drop that fills my daily cup, thy hand  
 Prescribes for ills none else can understand,  
 All, all is known to Thee.

The effectual means to cure what I deplore,  
 In me thy longed-for likeness to restore,  
 Self to dethrone, never to govern more,  
 All, all are known to Thee.

And this continued feebleness—this state,  
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,  
 Will work the cure my hopes and prayers  
 await,  
 That cure I leave to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,  
 While I recall the Son of thy dear love;  
 The cup Thou wouldst not for our sakes  
 remove,  
 That cup He drank for me.

He drank it to the dregs—no drop remained  
Of wrath—for those whose cup of woe He  
drained;

Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained;

All, all is known to Thee.

And welcome, precious can His Spirit make,  
My little drop of suffering for His sake;  
Father! the cup I drink, the path I take,  
All, all are known to Thee!

#### THE REFUGE.

THERE is a refuge from the storm,  
A peaceful safe retreat,  
Where all the waves that life deform,  
In vain attempt to beat.

The way is mark'd, the course is clear,  
The haven full in view,  
A gracious Pilot waits to steer  
Thy beaten vessel through.

## TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

Matt. vi. 34.

'TIS to us no cause of sorrow  
That we cannot tell to-day  
What it is, may be to-morrow ;  
'Tis enough, that we can say,  
He whom we our Father call,  
Knows the future, knows it all.

Happy they, who all committing,  
To their Father's care and love,  
Let Him choose, what most is fitting,  
And of all he does, approve,  
These have then, no anxious care,  
Blessed in this, Thy people share.

Teach us, oh ! our God and Father,  
Teach us to obey thee thus,  
Be thy will, our portion rather  
Than what might seem good to us ;  
'Tis not meet we should refuse,  
Aught that Thou, our God, shall choose.

.

Future things with Thee, are present,  
 All to come, thine eye can see—  
 Safe it is for us, and pleasant,  
 Future things to leave with Thee.  
 Then thy people happy are,  
 When on Thee they cast their care.

---

#### THE PATH THAT LEADS TO GOD.

“There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the  
 vulture’s eye hath not seen.”—Job viii. 28.

It is not in the upper air,  
 Where dwell ~~eth~~ human pride;  
 It is not in the region where  
 The birds of heaven abide.  
 Philosophy with vulture eye,  
 Unaided and alone,  
 By intellectual scrutiny  
 This way hath never known.



That path—that path—it is not there,  
Not by the eagle's nest;  
'Tis in the lowly valley, where  
The dews of Heaven rest.  
Not where the "gallant ships" go by,  
Nor "galley with its oar,"  
Not where the pleasant pictures lie  
Along Time's treacherous shore.

That path—that path—He knoweth it—  
He trod it all alone—  
By wine-press and by wilderness—  
The people there were none!  
Hath He not shown that perfect way,  
And marked it with His blood?  
So clear, that none might go astray,  
The path that leads to God?

*Mrs Colman*

---

**ENCOURAGEMENT TO BELIEVERS.**

TRAVELLER through this vale of tears,  
Art thou tried with doubts and fears ?  
Does the tempter still assail,  
'Till thou think'st, he must prevail ?  
Do the clouds that intervene  
Dim the light thou once hast seen ?  
Dost thou fear thy faith is gone,  
And that thou art left alone,  
A traveller on life's dreary coast,  
Thy guide and comfort nearly lost ?  
Hear a fellow-traveller's lay,  
One who hath trod this painful way,  
Who in the journey he has passed,  
Has met with many a bitter blast ;  
Upon whose head the storm has beat,  
While many a thorn has pierced his feet ;  
But matchless mercy hitherto,  
Hath interposed and brought him through,

And hath enabled him to raise,  
At times, the cheerful song of praise.  
In patience then, possess thy soul,  
Stand still!—for while the thunders roll,  
Thy Saviour sees thee thro' the gloom,  
And will to thy assistance come.  
His love and mercy will be shown,  
To those who trust in Him alone;  
Trust, humbly trust in His defence,  
Preserve thy hope and confidence;  
To Him apply in fervent prayer,  
On Him in faith cast all thy care.  
Then will the tempest pass away,  
Then will the night give place to day;  
And thou rejoicingly wilt find  
These trials wisely were designed,  
To subject every wish of thine,  
Completely to the will divine;  
To fix thy heart on things above—  
To fill thy soul with heavenly love—  
And through the power of mighty grace,  
To fit thee for that glorious place,

Where saints and angels round the throne,  
For ever sing "Thy will be done."

---

### GO IN PEACE.

'Who is there among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light?—let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.'—Isaiah l. 10.

THOUGH "tempted, desolate, dismayed,"  
No help for thee in human aid,  
Yet to that Heavenly Father's care,  
Who numbers of the head each hair,  
Who sees our griefs, who knows our fears,  
And marks the "sinner's lonely tears,"  
Come in confiding simple trust,  
Bow at His feet in lowly dust,  
In patience wait with list'ning ear  
Thy Saviour's gracious voice to hear,  
Till He shall bid thy sorrows cease,  
And gently whisper "go in peace."

## THOUGHTS IN A RELIGIOUS MEETING.

THOUGH few in number, Father, Lord !

Still in thy name we come,  
To wait for thy inteaching Word,  
Though human lips be dumb ;  
Though neither sad, nor joyful tone  
Be lent to mortal ear,  
Thou, Thou, who knowest the heart alone,  
Wilt kindly listen here.

The while a cold and formal throng  
We seem to mortal eye,  
Thou knowest full many a grateful song,  
And many a burdened sigh,  
And heartfelt prayers for strength and grace,  
To walk from error free,  
Rise from this silent gathering place,  
In sounds of power to thee.

The few that here are wholly thine,  
Who tread the narrow way,

Told not by outward seal or sign  
Of their baptismal day.  
Thou only knowest the way and time  
Their covenant begun,  
Thou, only, when they seek sublime  
Communion with thy Son.

Join me to these, as deep to deep,  
Their way be still my choice ;  
My soul e'en as an infant keep,  
That knows its parent's voice.  
While others labour in thy cause,  
With words of power and skill,  
Be it but mine to know thy laws.  
To love thee, and be still.

## THE BREAD OF LIFE.

“And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.”

John vi. 35.

THE world with stones, instead of bread,  
My weary soul has often fed ;  
It promised health,—in one short hour  
Perished the fair, but fragile flower ;  
It promised riches,—in a day  
They made them wings and fled away ;  
It promised friends,—all sought their own,  
And left my widowed heart alone.

Lord, with the barren service spent,  
To thee my suppliant knee I bent ;  
And found in Thee a Father's grace,—  
His hand, His heart, His faithfulness ;—  
The voice of peace, the smile of love,  
The bread that feeds the saints above,  
I tasted in this world of woe,  
A joy its children never know

## VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER RECOVERING FROM A DANGEROUS ILL-  
NESS.

THOUGH taught by woes to mortals seldom  
known,

The humbling truth, that "man is not his  
own,"

That, till we live to Him, for us who died,  
All love is selfish, and all knowledge pride,

All happiness a momentary gleam,

All hope a meteor, and all peace a dream :

Though taught this truth by discipline severe,  
(Such as health could not, life could scarcely  
bear,)

Strong are the ties which still my mind en-  
twine,

And counteract the work of love divine.

The world, the world, its glittering bait pre-  
pares,

Its friendship offers, and obtrudes its cares ;  
Still would intemperate fancy wildly stray,



Spite of the secret check, the secret ray ;  
 Weak to withstand, and yet afraid to yield,  
 I neither keep, nor wholly quit the field.  
 Father of mercies, "till the day-spring rise,"  
 And thy salvation glad my longing eyes ;  
 Till doubt and fear like "morning shadows  
     flee,"

And all my griefs are lost in love of thee ;  
 While through this cheerless world I faintly  
     strive,

Hope, sore depressed, and Faith but just  
     alive,

Teach me to dread all guidance but thy own,  
 And patient tread "in paths I have not  
     known ;"

Forgive my murmurings ; let thy quickening  
     power

Support my spirits in the gloomy hour.

And when the hosts of household foes appal,  
 "Turn, thou beloved," at my feeble call,  
 Come "with the swiftness of the mountain  
     roe,"

And strength, proportioned to my wants,  
bestow ;

Teach me those wants more deeply still to  
feel,

And deeply feeling, suppliant when to kneel ;

Oh ! in my soul that ardent thirst renew,

Which nought can satiate but celestial dew ;

Drive thou from thence unprofitable care,

Yea, all that mars it for a house of prayer ;

Dislodge alike the abject and the proud,

Passion's low mist, and notion's airy cloud ;

Whate'er thy power has shaken, shake again,

Till nought but things immovable remain.

Thus, gracious Father, break each false re-  
pose,

And unrelenting, "rule amidst thy foes,"

Till, every low propensity exiled,

"My soul is even as a weaned child,"

From mean self-love, or gross, or specious,  
free,

And all my treasures, all my springs in thee.

## THY WILL BE DONE.

My God and Father while I stray,  
Far from my home on life's rough way,  
Oh ! help me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.

Tho' dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still, and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.

What tho' in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive still I would reply,  
Thy will be done.

If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,  
I only yield thee what was Thine,  
Thy will be done.

Should pining sickness haste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I'll strive to say,  
Thy will be done.

If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God with Thee, I leave the rest,  
Thy will be done.

Renew my heart from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
Whatever makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done.

## A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs,  
To feel my flesh decay,  
Then groaned aloud with frightened eyes  
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,  
Nor dares the flesh complain ;  
Diseases bring their profits too,  
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful soul now all the day,  
Sits waiting here and sings ;  
Looks through the ruins of her clay  
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight  
While from afar she spies,  
Her fair inheritance in light  
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong  
 And firm, without a flaw,  
 In darkness she had dwelt too long,  
 And less of glory saw.

But now, the everlasting hills  
 Through every chink appear,  
 And something of the joy she feels,  
 While she's a prisoner here.

The beams of Heaven rush sweetly in   ●  
 At all the gaping flaws ;  
 Visions of endless bliss are seen,  
 And native air she draws.

Oh ! may these walls stand tottering still,  
 The breaches never close ;  
 If I must here in darkness dwell  
 And all this glory lose.

Or rather let this flesh decay,  
 The ruins wider grow ;  
 Till glad to see the enlarged way,  
 I stretch my pinions through.

• • THE REDEEMED.

“What are these which are arrayed in white robes?  
and whence come they?”—Rev. vii. 13.

OH! these are they, the tried and proved, of  
every age and clime;

The patient sufferers of earth—Redeemer  
they are thine!

Through tribulations they have come, trust-  
ing in thee alone,

Clothed with thy righteousness, they stand  
faultless before the throne!

All nations, kindreds, and tongues—one  
bright assembly seem;

Salvation through thy name and power, their  
never-ending theme!

And thou wilt lead and feed them there, and  
wipe away their tears,

For pure and perfect happiness, eternally is  
theirs.

These, 'mid a vain and wicked world, have  
borne their daily cross,

And all the treasures of the earth, esteemed  
they but as dross :

Its empty pleasures—vain pursuits—its hon-  
ours and renown—

They sought a more enduring prize, a never-  
ending crown !

Affliction was their portion here, amid re-  
proach and shame,

Yet they accounted it all joy, to suffer for thy  
name.

And now, all they endured below,—these  
light afflictions seem

Compared with all this endless joy, a mo-  
mentary dream !

These, these have overcome the world—they  
conquered in thy might,—

On harps of gold they sing thy praise, and  
walk with thee in white !



There they enjoy for evermore, in that bright  
world of bliss,

A more than ample recompense for all the  
toils of this !

And shall we murmur, doubt or faint ?—Oh !  
rest assured there lies,

Within each faithful Christian's reach, the  
same all-glorious prize ;

From the same blessed source obtained—a  
fountain full and free—

Oh ! draw our hearts in faith and hope, Re-  
deemer unto thee !

✧ A WORD OF COMFORT.

COMFORT take, thou child of sorrow,  
 All is ordered well for thee;  
 Look not to the anxious morrow,  
 "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

Child of grief, does this world move thee?  
 Transient scene of transient pain!  
 Think! oh think! of worlds above thee,  
 Countless worlds—a glorious train!

There are mansions now preparing  
 For the chosen sons of God—  
 Here, a pilgrim and wayfaring,  
 There shall be thy long abode!

There shalt thou abide for ever  
 With thy best and greatest Friend;  
 Nought from Him, thy soul shall sever,  
 In a world that knows no end.

There amidst assembled nations,  
 Eye to eye, and face to face ;  
 Thou shalt see thy tribulations  
 Sent as messengers of grace.

Comfort take, thou child of sorrow,  
 All is ordered well for thee ;  
 Look not to the anxious morrow,  
 "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

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#### CHRIST PRECIOUS.

"Unto you therefore who believe, he is precious."

1 Pet. ii. 27.

MEN may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy love is left to me ;  
 Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy apart from Thee.

## AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

1 Thess. iv. 17.

“FOREVER with the Lord !”

Amen—so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word,  
’Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,  
A day’s march nearer home.

My Father’s home on high,  
Home of my soul how near ;  
At times to Faith’s foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear !

Ah ! then my spirit faints,  
To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above !


But clouds will intervene  
And all my prospect flies,  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon—the clouds depart  
The winds and waters cease,  
And sweetly o'er my troubled heart,  
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallowed ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of Heaven,  
Earth's babel tongues o'erpower.

Then—then I feel that He,  
Remembered or forgot,



The Lord is never far from me,  
Though I perceive him not.

In darkness or in light,  
Hidden alike from view,  
I wake and sleep, as in his sight  
Who looks existence through.

All that I am—have been,  
All that I yet may be,  
He sees as He has ever seen,  
And will forever see.

How can I meet his eyes ?  
Mine on the cross I cast,  
And own my life a Saviour's prize  
Mercy from first to last.

---

**THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.**

**"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of  
God."—Heb. iv. 9.**

**My rest is in Heaven, my rest is not here,  
Then why should I murmur when trials are  
near?**

**Be hushed my sad spirit, the worst that can  
come,  
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee  
home.**

**It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like  
this;**

**I look for a city which hands have not  
piled;**

**I pant for a country by sin undefiled.**

The thorn and the thistle around me may  
grow ;  
I would not lie down upon roses below ;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast !

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy,  
One glimpse of His love turns them all into  
joy ;  
And the bitterest tears, if he smiles but on  
them,  
Like the dew in the sunshine, grow diamond  
and gem !

Let doubt then and danger my progress oppose,  
They only make Heaven more sweet at the  
close ;  
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may  
befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for them  
all !



A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through the enemy's land ;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer  
it with song.

---

## FAITH.

Heb. xi. 1

As evening's pale and solitary star  
But brightens while the darkness gathers  
round,  
So faith, unmoved amidst surrounding storms,  
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

## THE GOD OF COMFORT.

How sweet to think in sorrow's hour,  
That He who reigns above,  
Although supreme in sovereign power,  
Is as supreme in love !

How sweet to know, where thus the axe,  
Is to our gourds decreed,  
He will not quench the smoking flax,  
Nor break the bruised reed !

But that to those who kiss the rod,  
By Him in mercy sent,  
The staff of comfort from their God,  
Shall in His love be lent.

Sustained by this, with hopes serene,  
Though earth's best joys seem gone,

On this, like Jacob, they shall lean,  
And worship Him thereon.

For God, who binds the broken heart,  
And dries the mourner's tear,  
If faith and patience be their part,  
Will unto these be near.

Let such but say, "Thy will be done!"  
And He who Jesus raised,  
Will qualify them through his love,  
To add "Thy name be praised!"

---

KNOWLEDGE and zeal, and gifts, and talk,  
Unless combined with faith and love,  
And witness'd by a gospel walk,  
Will not a true profession prove.

## CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS.

Heb. xi. 13.

THUS far on life's perplexing path,  
 Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led ;  
 Snatched from the world's pursuing path,  
 Unharm'd, though floods hung o'er our  
 head :

Like ransomed Israel on the shore,  
 Here then we pause, look back, adore.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
 Like all our fathers in their day ;  
 We to the land of promise go,  
 Lord, by thine own appointed way :  
 Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,  
 In cloud by day, in fire by night.

Safety thy presence is, and rest ;  
 While—as the eagle o'er her brood,  
 Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,  
 Covers, defends, provides them food,

Bears on her wings, instructs to fly—  
Thy love prepares us for the sky.

Protect us through the wilderness,  
From fiery serpent, plague, and foe ;  
With bread from heaven thy people bless,  
And living streams where'er we go :  
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,  
Or follow any voice but Thine.

Thy holy law to us proclaim,  
But not from Sinai's top alone ;  
Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name ;  
Thy power, and all thy goodness shown :  
And may we never bow the knee,  
To worship any God but Thee.

When we have numbered all our years,  
And stand, at length, on Jordan's brink ;  
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,  
Oh, let not then the spirit sink !  
But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,  
Plunge through the stream to rise above.

## THE SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was  
the sun,

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
Though he rose in a mist when his race he  
begun,

And there follow'd some droppings of rain !

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,  
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are  
best ;

He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,  
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he be-  
gins,

Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for  
his sins,

And melts into tears, then he breaks out and  
shines,

And travels his heavenly way ;

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in  
     grace,  
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,  
     Of rising in brighter array.

---

CHASTENING.

“If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with  
 sons.”—Heb. xii. 7.

(O CHEER thee, cheer thee, suffering saint !  
 Though worn with chastening, be not faint !  
 And though thy night of pain seem long,  
 Cling to thy Lord—in Him be strong.  
 He marks, He numbers every tear,  
 Not one faint sigh escapes His ear.

(O cheer thee, cheer thee ! He has traced  
 Thy track through life, from first to last ;

Each stage, the present, childhood, youth,  
 Has borne fresh witness to that truth ;  
 Which soon will tune thy harp above,  
 "Loved with an everlasting love."

Yes, cheer thee, cheer thee ! though thine ear  
 Quickened by suffering, scarce can hear  
 The voice of those who love thee best,  
 Not lonely art thou, not unblessed ;  
 Thy soul's Beloved, ever nigh,  
 Bends o'er thee whispering "It is I."

O cheer thee, cheer thee ! now's the hour  
 To Him to lift thine eye for power ;  
 His all-sufficiency to show,  
 Even in extremity of woe :  
 While in the furnace to lie still,  
 This is indeed, to do His will.

Then cheer thee, cheer thee, though the  
                   flame  
 Consume thy wasting, suffering frame !  
 His gold shall suffer harm nor loss,



He will but purge away the dross,  
And fit it, graced with many a gem,  
To form His glorious diadem.

/And He will cheer thee, He will calm,  
Thy pain intense with heavenly balm,  
Show thee the martyrs' white-robed throng,  
Thy place prepared, that host among ;  
That weight of glory will o'erpower  
The anguish of life's suffering hour.

Yes, He will cheer thee—He will prove  
The soul encircled by His love,  
Can meekly, midst her anguish, say,  
Still will I trust Him, though He slay ;  
And He will make His words thine own,  
“Father ! Thy will, not mine be done.”

## BE NOT AFRAID.

“It is I: be not afraid.”—Matt. xiv. 27.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,  
 My soul is not dismayed;  
 I hear a voice I know full well,  
 “’Tis, I—be not afraid.

When black the threatening skies appear,  
 And storms my path invade,  
 Those accents tranquillize each fear,  
 “’Tis I,—be not afraid.”

There is a gulf that must be crossed;  
 Saviour! be near to aid;  
 Whisper when my frail bark is tossed,  
 “’Tis I,—be not afraid.”

There is a dark and fearful vale,  
 Death hides within its shade,  
 O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,  
 “’Tis I,—be not afraid.”

BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU CHASTENEST.

Psalm xciv. 12.

O SAVIOUR! whose mercy severe in its kindness,

Has chastened my wanderings, and guided my way,

Ador'd be the power which illumined my blindness,

And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,

I followed the rainbow—I caught at the toy;

And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,

Disappointing the hope, and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was  
    below,  
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight  
    in the beam,  
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered  
    of wo ;  
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing  
    stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,  
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed ;  
And still did this eager and credulous heart,  
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but  
    to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to  
    Heaven,  
Would be bright as the summer, and glad  
    as the morn ;  
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and  
    uneven,  
All rugged with rocks, and all tangled with  
    thorn.

I dreamed of celestial reward and renown ;  
    I grasped at the triumph which blesses the  
        brave ;  
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe and  
        the crown,  
    I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross  
        and a grave !

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will  
    My hopes and my longings I fain would  
        resign ;  
O give me the heart that can wait and be still,  
    Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but  
        thine !

There are mansions exempted from sin and  
        from wo,  
    But they stand in a region by mortals un-  
        trod ;  
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not  
        below ;  
    There is rest—but it dwells in the presence  
        of God.

## COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD.

Psalm xxxvii. 5.

I TRUST in God ! with joyful confidence  
Commit my cause to Him, since well I  
know,  
That, in due season, He his face will show,  
And His right-hand fresh blessings shall dis-  
pense.  
True, He hath shorn me of mine honours low,  
Aye, in the very dust my life is laid,  
And mingled troubles make me feel afraid,  
Lest I, at last, should false and faithless grow;  
And my weak heart should faint beneath this  
weight of wo.

Yet, oh, I dare not wish my grief were less ;  
For then my wayward heart might go  
astray,  
No ! let me rather, in the " narrow way,"

E'en till the goal be gained, right onward  
press.

So shall my passing hours, with peace be  
blest—

So shall my weary soul find perfect rest.

---

AFFLICTIONS.

By love directed and in mercy meant,  
Are trials suffered and afflictions sent,  
To stem impetuous passion's furious tide,  
To curb the insolence of prosperous pride,  
To wean from earth and let our wishes soar  
To that blest clime where pain shall be no  
more,

Where wearied virtue shall for refuge fly,  
And every tear be wiped from every eye.

## THE ERRING ONE.

THINK gently of the erring !

Ye know not of the power  
With which the dark temptation came,  
In some unguarded hour.

Ye may not know how earnestly  
They struggled, or how well,  
Until the hour of weakness came,  
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring !

Oh, do not thou forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is thy brother yet.  
Heir of the self-same heritage,  
Child of the self-same God !  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
Thou hast in weakness trod.



Speak gently to the erring !  
For is it not enough,  
That innocence and peace have gone,  
Without your censure rough ?  
It sure must be a weary lot,  
That sin-crush'd heart to bear,  
And they who share a happier fate,  
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring !  
Thou yet may'st lead him back,  
With holy words and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track.  
Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet mayst be,  
Deal gently with the erring one,  
As God hath dealt with thee.

## THE GREAT REFINER.

“And He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.”

Mal. iii. 3.

'Tis sweet to feel that he who tries  
The silver, takes his seat  
Beside the fire that purifies,  
Lest too intense a heat,  
Raised to consume the base alloy, '   
The precious metals too destroy.

'Tis good to think how well he knows  
The silver's power to bear  
The ordeal to which it goes;  
And that, with skill and care,  
He'll take it from the fire, when fit  
For his own hand to polish it.

'Tis blessedness to know that he  
The piece he has begun  
Will not forsake, till he can see,—  
To prove the work well done,—

An image by its brightness shown,  
The perfect likeness of his own.

But ah ! how much of earthly mould,  
Dark relics of the mine,  
Lost from the ore must he behold :  
How long must he refine,  
Ere in the silver he can trace  
The first faint semblance to his face.

Thou great Refiner ! sit thou by  
Thy promise to fulfil :  
Moved by thy hand, beneath thine eye,  
And melted at thy will,  
O may thy work for ever shine  
Reflecting beauty pure as Thine.

---

YIELD to the Lord with simple heart,  
All that thou hast, and all thou art,  
Renounce all strength but strength divine.  
And peace shall be for ever thine.

**FEAR THOU NOT.**

Isaiah xli. 10.

FORWARD and fear not—the billows may roll,  
 But the power of Jehovah their rage can con-  
     trol;  
 Though the waves are in anger, their tumult  
     shall cease,  
 One word of His bidding shall hush them to  
     peace.

Forward and fear not—though trials be near,  
 The Lord is thy refuge—whom shouldst thou  
     fear?  
 His staff is thy comfort, thy safeguard His  
     rod:  
 Be sober, be steadfast, and hope in thy God.

Forward and fear not—though false ones di-  
     vide,  
 6\*

The hand of the Highest, is with thee to  
 guide;  
 His trust is thy buckler—His love is thy  
 shield  
 On then to the combat—be sure not to yield.

Forward and fear not—be strong in the Lord,  
 In the power of his promise, the trust of his  
 word,  
 Through the sea and the desert, thy pathway  
 may tend,  
 But He who has saved thee, will save to the  
 end.

Forward and fear not—speed on the way,—  
 Why dost thou shrink from thy path in dis-  
 may?  
 Thou tread'st but the path that thy Leader  
 hath trod,  
 Then forward and fear not, but trust in thy  
 God.

## SICKNESS.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

Psalm cxix. 71.

WHEN from life's busy scenes awhile,  
Sickness detains with grasp severe !  
How soon the faded cheek, its smile,  
Yields for the tear !

Yet most we learn when most alone ;  
And sickness oft the soul hath brought  
Where many a heavenly truth is known,  
A lesson taught !

The brook bright in the noontide rays,  
Picturing each object glides along,  
But in unbroken crystal strays,  
The shades among !

So oft a vain reflected show,  
Paints the mind's tide in health's gay beam ;  
That beam withdrawn its course may flow  
In purer stream ?

Hope round the darkened couch may bloom,  
That sprung not 'neath the prosperous sun,  
As night bloom flowers that cheer the gloom,  
The sunbeams shun !

Chambers secured from solar glare,  
Admit a radiance lovelier far ;  
Oft on the soul hath risen there  
Its morning star !

On earthly joy, that reed so frail,  
Too oft, alas ! it dares to lean,  
Till sickness comes and lifts the vail  
From things unseen !

Shows the vain aim of human cares,  
Clears a new course and points the goal,  
For life or death alike prepares,  
The tutored soul !

## DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Matt. x. 29, 31.

THE insect that, with puny wing,  
Just shoots along one summer ray ;  
The floweret which the breath of spring  
Wakes into life for half a day ;  
The smallest mote, the tenderest hair—  
All feel our heavenly Father's care.

E'en from the glories of his throne  
He bends to view this earthly ball ;  
Sees all, as if that all were one—  
Loves one, as if that one were all ;  
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,  
And counts the sinner's lonely tears.



## FOR WHAT SHALL I PRAISE THEE.

"I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—Psalm cxix. 75.

For what shall I praise thee, my God and  
my King!

For what blessings the tribute of gratitude  
bring?

Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health,  
and for ease,

For the spring of delight, and the sunshine  
of peace?

Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloomed  
on my breast,

For joys in perspective, and pleasures pos-  
sessed?

For the spirits that heightened my days of  
delight,

And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by  
night?

For this should I praise ! but if only for this,  
I should leave half untold the donation of  
bliss ;

I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, for  
care,

For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish  
I bear

For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,  
A present of pain, a perspective of fears ;

I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my  
God,

For the good and the evil thy hand hath  
bestowed.

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance  
is flown ;

They yielded no fruits, they are withered and  
gone ;

The thorn it was poignant, but precious to  
me—

'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to  
Thee.

## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

*Luke x. 29.*

Thy neighbour ? It is he whom thou  
 Hast power to aid and bless,  
 Whose aching heart or burning brow  
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the fainting poor,  
 Whose eye with want is dim,  
 Whom hunger sends from door to door ;  
 Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis that weary man,  
 Oppressed in every limb,  
 Bent low with sickness, age, and pain :  
 Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the heart bereft  
 Of every earthly gem ;

Widow and orphan, helpless left :  
Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour ? Yonder toiling slave,  
Fettered in thought and limb,  
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,—  
Go thou, and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form,  
Less favoured than thine own,  
Remember 'tis thy neighbour worm,  
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by ;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
The breaking heart from misery :  
Go, share thy lot with him.

## GIVE TO HIM THAT ASKETH THEE.

Matt. v. 42.

O STAY not thy hand when the winter winds  
rude,  
Blow cold through the dwelling of want and  
despair,  
To ask if misfortune has come to the good,  
Or if folly has wrought the wreck that is  
there.

When the heart stricken wanderer asks thee  
for bread,  
In suffering he bows to necessity's laws;  
When the wife moans in sadness, the chil-  
dren unfed,  
The cup must be bitter—Oh ask not the  
cause.

When the Saviour of men raised his finger  
to heal,

Did he ask if the sufferer were Gentile or  
Jew?

When the thousands were fed with the boun-  
tiful meal,

Did he give it alone to the faithful and  
few?

O scan not too closely the frailties of those

Whose bosoms may bleed on a cold win-  
ter's day,

But give to the friendless who tells thee his  
woes,

And from him that would borrow, O turn  
not away!

## LIFE'S WORK.

“The night cometh when no man can work.”—John 9. 4.

ALL around thee fair with flowers,  
Fields of beauty seem to lie ;  
All around thee clarion voices  
Call to duty stern and high.

Be thou thankful, and rejoice in  
All the beauty God has given ;  
But beware it does not win thee  
From the work ordained of Heaven.

To remove the wide-spread darkness,  
That the light of Truth may shine ?  
And recall the child of error  
To Jehovah's holy shrine.

To encourage suffering virtue,  
Lest despairing it shall die,

And the light of Hope rekindle  
 In the darkened, vacant eye.

Cheerfully of thine abundance  
 To the sick and poor impart,  
 And lift up the weight of sorrow  
 From the crushed and broken heart.

In the work ordained of Heaven,  
 Do thy part however small ;  
 O be faithful, ever ready  
 To obey the Heavenly call,

Follow every voice of mercy,  
 With a trusting, loving heart ;  
 And in all life's earnest labour,  
 Be thou sure to do thy part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,  
 Work, O work with all thy might,  
 Lest the wretched faint and perish  
 In the coming stormy night.



Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,  
 Lest before to-morrow's sun  
 Thou too, mournfully departing,  
 Shalt have left thy work undone.

---

O FOR a voice of thunder, that might wake  
 The slumbering sinner ere he sinks in death ;  
 O for a tempest, into dust to shake,  
 His sand-built dwelling while he yet has  
 breath ;  
 A viewless hand to picture on the wall,  
 The fearful sentence ere the curtain fall.

Child of the dust ! from torpid ruin rise—  
 Be earth's delusions from thy bosom hurl'd,  
 And strive to measure, with enlightened eyes,  
 The dread importance of the eternal world.  
 The shades of night are gathering round  
 thee fast,  
 Arise to labour, ere thy days be past.

## WELCOME CROSS.

'Tis my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know  
Sanctifying every loss ;  
Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,  
This is happniess to me.

God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;  
These spring up and choke the weeds,  
Which would else o'erspread the soil :  
Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a castaway ?  
Others may escape the rod,  
Sink in earthly, vain delight ;  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, will not, if he might.

---

#### THE WAITING SOUL.

BREATHE from the gentle South, O Lord,  
And cheer me from the North ;  
Blow on the treasures of thy word,  
And call the spices forth !

I wish, thou know'st, to be resigned,  
And wait with patient hope ;  
But hope deferr'd fatigues the mind,  
And drinks the spirits up.

Help me to reach the distant goal ;  
Confirm my feeble knee ;  
Pity the sickness of a soul  
That faints for love of thee.

Cold as I feel this heart of mine,  
Yet since I feel it so,  
It yields some hope of life divine  
Within, however low.

I seem forsaken and alone,  
I hear the lion roar,  
And every door is shut but one,  
And that is mercy's door.

There, till the dear Deliverer come,  
I'll wait with humble prayer,  
And when he calls his exile home,  
The Lord shall find him there.

## ZION.

Isaiah xlix. 18—16.

O ZION ! afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man  
can save ;

With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-  
mayed,  
In 'toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

Loud roaring, the billows now nigh over-  
whelm,

But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm ;  
His wisdom conducts thee, His power de-  
fends,

In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

O fearful ! O faithless ! in mercy He cries,  
My promise, my truth—are they light in thine  
eyes ?

Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall  
stand,  
Through tempests and tossing I'll bring thee  
to land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name  
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain;  
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I  
see  
The wounds I received when suffering for  
thee.

I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy  
groans:  
For thou art most near me—my flesh and my  
bones;  
In all thy distresses, thy Head feels the pain,  
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure,  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine;

To make thee at length in my likeness to  
shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my  
care,  
The helpless, the hopeless—I hear their sad  
prayer;  
From all their afflictions my glory shall  
spring,  
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder  
they'll sing.

---

#### SELF EXAMINATION.

At evening to myself I say,  
My soul where hast thou glean'd to day,  
Thy labours how bestowed?  
What hast thou rightly said or done?  
What grace attained or knowledge won,  
In following after God?

## THE LORD OUR REFUGE.

“Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul.”—Psalm lxi. 1.

God of my life to Thee I call,  
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint!  
 Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?  
 Where but with Thee, whose open door,  
 Invites the helpless and the poor.

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
 Does not the word still fixed remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?



Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
 And he is safe, and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

---

THE END OF AFFLICTION.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

THE gloom of the night adds a charm to the  
 morn,  
 Stern Winter the Spring-time endears,  
 And the darker the cloud on which it is  
 drawn,  
 The brighter the rainbow appears.

So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare,  
 For the rest that remaineth above ;  
 On earth tribulation awaits him, but there  
 The smile of unchangeable love.

## ASPIRATIONS AFTER RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

God of truth ! whose pure direction,  
Spirits turned to Thee, shall own ;  
Gild this hour of deep reflection,  
With a radiance from thy throne.

Calm the heart whose anxious beating,  
Turns an upraised hope to Thee ;  
From the storms of life retreating,  
Thy unshaded face to see.

Show the way of thy salvation !  
Point my hope and fix my eye ;  
Teach my silent meditation,  
All the faith that leads on high.

Lead me by the springs of gladness  
Whence Thy living waters flow ;  
And the doubts of anxious sadness,  
Bid my spirit cease to know.

Bend my weak conjecturing reason,  
 Into silence at Thy throne ;  
 There in Thy appointed season, -  
 Make Thy hopes and joys my own.

Ah ! how short is earth's probation !  
 What is then, around us here,  
 Worth our wish—but Thy salvation ?  
 Worth our seeking—but Thy fear ?

Oh ! I ask not here before Thee,  
 That this world no griefs might show ;  
 Or that life should journey o'er me,  
 Free from cloud—untinged with woe ;

No !—I ask the hope that liveth,  
 Ask the mind which leads to Thee ;  
 Grace, the faith sublime that giveth  
 Brightness to eternity !

Then my soul shall bend adoring,  
 Grateful 'mid its raptured tears ;  
 And shall own that radiant morning,  
 Overpays the mists of years !

REFLECTIONS ON RETIRING TO REST.

It is good, when we lay on the pillow our  
head,  
And the silence of night all around us is  
spread,  
To reflect on the deeds we have done thro'  
the day,  
Nor allow it to pass without profit away.

A day—what a trifle !—and yet the amount  
Of the days we have pass'd form an awful  
account ;  
And the time may arrive when the world we  
would give,  
Were it ours, might we have but another to  
live.

In whose service have we through the day  
been employ'd,

And what are the pleasures we mostly enjoyed?

Our desires and our wishes to what did they  
tend—

To the world we are in, or the world without  
end?

Hath the sense of His presence encompass'd  
us round,

Without whom not a sparrow can fall to the  
ground?

Have our hearts turn'd to Him with devotion  
most true,

Or been occupied only with things that we  
view?

• Have we often reflected how soon we must  
go,

To the mansions of bliss, or the regions of  
woe?

---

Have we felt unto God a repentance sincere,  
 And in faith to the Saviour of sinners drawn  
 near?

Let us thus with ourselves solemn conference  
 hold,  
 Ere sleep's silent fetters our senses enfold;  
 And forgiveness implore for the sins of the  
 day,  
 Nor allow them to pass unrepented away.


---

LET my strength turn to weakness—my hon-  
 our to shame,—  
 The reproach of the cross be my earthly  
 reward;  
 All, all shall be welcome for one blessed name,  
 The lowly disciple of Jesus, the Lord!

In whose service have we through the day  
    been employ'd,  
And what are the pleasures we mostly en-  
    joyed?  
Our desires and our wishes to what did they  
    tend—  
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    go,  
To the mansions of bliss, or the regions of  
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The lowly disciple of Jesus, the Lord!




— CHRIST A REFUGE.

“A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.”

Isaiah xxv. 4.

JESUS! lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows round me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,  
 'Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 O receive my soul at last;

Other refuge have I none:  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!  
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone!  
 Still support and comfort me!  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing!



Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind !  
Just and holy is thy name ;  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
Vile, and full of sin I am ;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within :  
Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart :  
Rise to all eternity.

## THE WILL SUBDUED.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."


Psalm 110. 8.

SAVIOUR ! though my rebellious will  
Has been, by thy blest power, renewed ;  
Yet, in its secret workings still,  
How much remains to be subdued !

Oft I recall with grief and shame,  
How many years their course had run,  
Ere grace my murmuring heart o'ercame,  
Ere I could say, "Thy will be done."

I wished a flowery path to tread,  
And thought 'twould safely lead to heaven ;  
A lonely room, a suffering bed ;—  
These for my training place were given.

Long I resisted, mourned, complained,  
Wished any other lot my own ;  
Thy purpose, Lord, unchanged remained ;  
What wisdom planned, love carried on.



Year after year I turned away,  
 But marred was every scheme I planned ;  
 Still the same lesson, day by day,  
 Was placed before me by Thy hand.

At length thy patient, wonderous love,  
 Unchanging, tender, pitying, strong,  
 Availed that stony heart to move,  
 Which had rebelled, alas ! so long.

Then was I taught by Thee to say  
 " Do with me what to Thee seems best ;"  
 " Give, take, whate'er thou wilt away ;  
 Health, comfort, usefulness or rest."

" Be my whole life in suffering spent ;  
 " But let me be in suffering Thine ;  
 Still, Oh, my Lord, I am content,  
 Thou now hast made Thy pleasure mine."

THOU WILT MAKE ALL HIS BED IN SICKNESS.

Psalm xli. 3.

CELESTIAL guardian? Thou who slumberest  
                   not,  
 Does not thy gracious eye behold the spot  
 On which this weak and weary form reclines,  
 Though now, no cheering light around me  
                   shines ;

O yes ! with heavenly pity thou look'st down  
 On me, e'en me, whose sins deserve thy frown ;  
 Gild now th' oppressive darkness with thy smile,  
 And these sad hours of restlessness beguile.

Though sweet repose forsake my uneasy bed,  
 Like silent dew thy grace benignant shed ;  
 If Thou beside me these night-watches keep,  
 Thy presence will refresh far more than sleep.

The restless feverish body thou canst calm,  
And on th' unquiet mind drop healing balm,  
Canst 'round the soul such cheering radiance  
pour,

That outward darkness shall be felt no more.

O Thou ! who, when on earth wouldst oft  
repair

To some lone mount, and pass the night in  
prayer,

Set free my spirit from its cumbrous clod,  
And be these waking hours all spent with  
God.

## THE LORD GOD IS A SUN AND SHIELD.


Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,  
Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine,  
My all to thy covenant care  
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

If Thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me;  
And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

A sov'reign Protector I have,  
Unseen, yet forever at hand;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.

His smiles and His comforts abound,  
His grace, as the dew, shall descend,  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul He delights to defend.



## THE VALE OF TEARS.

WHILST through this vale of tears,  
 A pilgrim band we go,  
 Where hopes are chequered oft with fears,  
 And tides of sorrow flow;—  
 Where days are dark and danger lowers,  
 Where sunshine mingles oft with showers;  
 Cheer up! Cheer up! for joy shall rise,  
 Illuming yet our doubtful skies:  
 Cheer up! Cheer up? for strength will grow,  
 And better days our hearts shall know.

*Ms. Roberts*

There is a Saviour, all unseen,—  
 Upon His breast He bids us lean,  
 He dries the tears which frequent fall,—  
 His love has power to chase them all:  
 Wide is His lap of mercy spread,  
 And there the crystal drops are stayed.



Cheer up ! Cheer up ! the Saviour's care  
 Shall lead to pastures green and fair,  
 Where peaceful streams, refreshing, flow,  
 Where beauty smiles and sunbeams glow ;  
 And though no brother stand beside,—  
 Nor friend beloved,—nor chosen guide ;—  
 The mourner, there, shall find repose,—  
 A healing balm for all his woes,—  
 And peace and holy joy shall be  
 In Jesus's matchless sympathy !

Pilgrims of earth ! your hearts assure,  
 The love of Jesus will endure :—  
 He reigns in Heaven : from Jordan's wave  
 His outstretched arm is strong to save ;  
 He reigns in heaven,—and Zion's conquering  
                   band  
 Shall pass from earth, with joy, and enter  
                   Canaan's land !

## MY STRENGTH IS SMALL.

“ Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.”

Psalm cxxx. 1.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;  
Out of the depths to Thee I call,—  
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord ! the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm;  
Defend me from each threatening ill,  
Control the waves, say “ peace, be still !”

Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee.  
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name,  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,

Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest tossed, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour thro' the floods I seek,  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shattered bark again.

---

WHATEVER, Lord, thou hast designed  
To bring my soul to thee, its trust;  
If mercies or afflictions kind,  
For all thy dealings, Lord, are just—

Take all! but grant in goodness free,  
That love which ne'er thy stroke would shun;  
Support this heart, and strengthen me  
To say in faith, "Thy will be done."

---

## THE PATH OF DUTY.

GEMS are glittering bright before me,  
India's treasures are around,  
Flowers of brightest hues are o'er me,  
Blooming on enchanted ground.

But these gilded baits of pleasure,  
From a foreign land unknown,  
May not—dare not—be my treasure,  
Though I dwell a pilgrim lone!

Rather let the desert hide me,  
'Till the chastening hand of Love  
To a better home shall guide me,  
With a radiance from above.

Earth-born joys, how soon they leave us,  
With an aching wounded heart;  
Planting thorns that rankling grieve us  
With a deep and cruel smart!

Oh, then, withering buds of beauty,  
Smile not thus to bind me here,  
For the lonely path of duty,  
Must be mine—though dark and drear.

Israel's Shepherd ! gently lead me,  
Where sweet Shiloh's waters flow ;  
In the lowly valley feed me,  
Where thy flocks in safety go.

Teach me to thy voice to hearken,  
Humbly following thy behest,  
Then, when night the earth shall darken,  
Take me to thy fold of rest !

## VANITY OF THE WORLD.

AH ! why should this immortal mind,  
Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,  
And never, never rise ?  
Why thus amus'd with empty toys,  
And sooth'd with visionary joys,  
Forget her native skies ?

The mind was form'd to mount sublime,  
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,  
To everlasting things :  
But earthly vapours cloud the sight,  
And hang with cold, oppressive weight,  
Upon her drooping wings.

The world employs its various snares,  
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,  
And chain'd to earth I lie :

When shall my fetter'd powers be free,  
And leave these seats of vanity,  
And upward learn to fly ?

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,  
Invite my soul—Oh, could I rise,  
Nor leave a thought below !  
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,  
And say to every tempting snare,  
Heaven calls, and I must go.

Heaven calls, and can I yet delay ?  
Can aught on earth engage my stay ?  
Ah, wretched lingering heart !  
Come Lord, with strength, and life, and light,  
Assist and guide my upward flight,  
And bid the world depart !

---

“GOD IS LIGHT.”

ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!

How pure the soul must be,  
When placed within thy searching sight  
It shrinks not—but with calm delight,  
Can live and look on Thee!

Oh how shall I, whose native sphere  
Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
Before the Ineffable appear,  
And on my naked spirit bear  
That uncreated beam.

There is a way for man to rise,  
To that sublime abode;  
An Off’ring and a Sacrifice,  
A Holy Spirit’s energies,  
An Advocate with God.



These—these prepare us for the sight  
 Of majesty above :  
 The sons of ignorance and night  
 Can stand in the “Eternal Light,”  
 Thro’ the “Eternal Love !”

---

“I AM THE VINE.”

“As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.”—John xv. 4.

JESUS, immutably the same,  
 Thou true and living vine !  
 Around thy all-supporting stem,  
 My feeble arms I twine.

Quickened by Thee, and kept alive,  
 I flourish and bear fruit ;  
 My life I from thy sap derive—  
 My vigour from thy root.

I can do nothing without Thee,  
My strength is wholly Thine ;  
Withered and barren should I be,  
If severed from the vine.

Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,  
Refreshing dews shall drop ;  
The plant which Thy right hand hath set,  
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

Each moment, watered by Thy care,  
And fenced with power divine,  
Fruit to eternal life shall bear  
The feeblest branch of Thine.

These—these prepare us for the sight  
 Of majesty above :  
 The sons of ignorance and night  
 Can stand in the “Eternal Light,”  
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And fenced with power divine,  
Fruit to eternal life shall bear  
The feeblest branch of Thine.

## EVENING TWILIGHT.

I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumb'ring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day,  
In humble, grateful prayer.

{ I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

{ I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in Heaven ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here by tempests driven.

O may it thus my bosom cheer,  
To know, my God ! that Thou art near !

And oh ! should those who love me roam  
The wide blue waste of waters o'er,  
Or travel to that long lost home  
Whence travellers shall return no more ;  
Hushed be each sigh, restrained each tear,  
When I remember Thou art near !

In this dark valley severed far  
From the dim ken of mortal eye,  
Unseen thou art as is the star  
When gathering clouds invest the sky :  
By me, by all who sojourn here,  
Thou art unseen, though Thou art near !

But yet another land I know  
From this dark region far apart,  
Where thou unveiled thyself dost show,  
And angels see thee as thou art ;  
Ere long, O may I there appear,  
And see Thee, Lord, forever near !

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From every cumb'ring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day,  
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The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

{ I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in Heaven ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
 May its departing ray  
 Be calm as this impressive hour,  
 And lead to endless day.

---

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently!—It is better far  
 To rule by love than fear!  
 Speak gently—let not harsh words mar  
 The good we might do here:  
 Speak gently:—Love doth whisper low  
 The vows that true hearts bind;  
 And gently friendship's accents flow—  
 Affection's voice is kind.


Speak gently to the little child!  
 Its love be sure to gain;



Teach it in accents soft and mild—  
It may not long remain.  
Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart:  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart!  
Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word! •

Speak gently to the erring—know,  
They may have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so—  
Oh! win them back again!  
Speak gently!—He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,



When elements were in fierce strife,  
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"  
Speak gently!—'Tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

---

LO, WE HAVE LEFT ALL AND FOLLOWED THEE.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shall be;  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and Heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too ;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
 Thou art not like them, untrue ;  
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;  
 Show thy face and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain,  
 In thy service, pain is pleasure,  
 With Thy favour, loss is gain.  
 ( I have called Thee Abba—Father,  
 I have set my heart on Thee,  
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;  
 ( Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring the sweeter rest.

Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me ;  
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;  
Think that Jesus died to save thee ;  
Child of Heaven, can'st thou repine ?

Haste then on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer,  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there ;  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

---


**LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.****Psalm lxxvii.**

**GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
( He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.**

**Deep in unfathomable mines,  
Of never-failing skill,  
( He treasures up His bright designs,  
( And works His sov'reign will :**

**{ Mistrust Him not, fresh courage take,  
The clouds you so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.**

**Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace,  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.**



His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

{ Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scans His work in vain ;  
{ God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

---

LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

To JESUS, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to His throne.

My Saviour, whom absent, I love ;  
 Whom, not having seen, I adore,  
 Whose name is exalted above  
 All glory, dominion and power :

Dissolve thou these bonds that detain  
 My soul from her portion in Thee ;  
 Oh ! strike off this adamant chain,  
 And set me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,  
 When array'd in thy glories I shine,  
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
 The bosom on which I recline ;—

O then shall the veil be remov'd,  
 And round me Thy brightness be pour'd  
 I shall meet Thee, whom absent I lov'd,  
 I shall see, whom unseen I ador'd.

And then, never more shall the fears,  
 The trials, temptations, and woes,  
 Which darken this valley of tears,  
 Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remember'd above,  
 Remembrance no sadness shall raise,  
 They'll be but new signs of Thy love,  
 New themes for my wonder and praise.

Then the stroke that from sin and from pain  
 Shall set me eternally free,  
 Will but strengthen and rivet the chain  
 Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

---

I AM WEARY.

I AM weary of straying—oh fain would I rest,  
 In that far distant land of the pure and the  
     blest,  
 Where sin can no longer her blandishments  
     spread,  
 And tears and temptations forever are fled.



I am weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,  
 As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright  
 dew:

I long for that land whose blest promise  
 alone,  
 Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
 O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their  
 birth;

O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot  
 assuage;

O'er the blightings of youth, and the weak-  
ness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away—  
 The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not  
 stay!

I long for that land where those partings are  
o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no  
 more.

---

(I am weary, my Saviour! of grieving thy  
love;

O when shall I rest in thy presence above?

I am weary—but oh, let me never repine,

While Thy word and Thy love and Thy pro-  
mise are mine.

### BE STILL.

“Be still, and know that I am God.—Psalm xlv. 10.

WHEN piercing thorns are 'neath our feet,

And darkly threat'ning clouds above,

When narrower, narrower, day by day,

Our path becomes—how bless'd are they,

(Who, casting fear and doubt away,

{ Trust in a gracious Saviour's love.)

Who, bowing in submission, hear  
The awful words, "Be still!"—and know  
That thoughts and feelings cherished long,  
And ruling in dominion strong,  
The erring heart, so prone to wrong,  
Deep shadows on the pathway throw.

Oh, for the calm—the holy calm,  
That only Faith and Hope impart!  
The faith and hope in Him alone,  
Who sitteth on th' eternal throne,  
Who will the "contrite spirit" own,  
Whose mercy heals the "broken heart."

**"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY, SHALL FIND  
ME."**

**COME, while the blossoms of thy years are  
brightest,**

**Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze,  
Come, while the restless heart is bounding  
lightest,**

**And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy  
ways ;**

**Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer  
buds unfolding,**

**Waken rich feelings in the careless breast ;  
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is  
holding,**

**Come, and secure interminable rest,**

**Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,  
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown ;**

Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and  
lover

Will to the embraces of the worm have  
gone!

Those who now bless thee will have passed  
forever;

Their looks of kindness will be lost to  
thee—

Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's  
fever,

As thy sick heart broods over years to  
be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glow-  
ing,

Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing  
die—

Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee  
throwing,

Fades like the crimson from a sun-set  
sky—

Life is but shadows, save a promise given,  
 Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless  
 ray—

Oh,—touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven,  
 ven,

Come, turn thy spirit from the world away,

Then, will the crosses of this brief existence,  
 Seem airy nothings to thy ardent soul—

And shining brightly in the forward distance,

Will of thy patient race appear the goal ;

Home of the weary ; where in peace reposing,  
 ing,

The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,

Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is  
 closing—

Who would not, *early*, choose a lot like  
 this !

## ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER.

HIS master taken from his head,  
Elisha saw him go;  
And in desponding accents said,  
“ Ah ! what must Israel do ! ”

But he forgot the Lord, who lifts  
The beggar to the throne,  
Nor knew, that all Elijah's gifts  
Would soon be made his own.

What ! when a Paul has run his course,  
Or when Apollos dies,  
Is Israel left without resource ?  
And have we no supplies ?

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,  
We have a boundless store ;  
And shall be fed with what He gives,  
Who lives forever more.

## THE UNION OF CHRISTIANS,

OUR earthly ties are vain and weak  
Whereon we dare not rest ;  
For time dissolves, and death will break  
The sweetest and the best :  
Yet there's a tie, which must remain,  
Which time and death assault in vain.

The kindred links of life are bright,  
Yet not so bright as those  
In which Christ's favour'd friends unite,  
And each on each repose ;  
Where all the hearts in union cling,  
With Him, the centre and the spring.

The friends of Jesus, joined to think  
With one desire and aim ;  
A chain wherein link answers link—  
A Heavenly kindred claim :



And oh, how sweet, wherein each mind  
A throb to echo their's, they find.

Though lovely many an earthly flower,  
Its beauty fades and flies ;  
But they unchanging form a bower,  
To bloom in Paradise ;  
Sprung from the true immortal Vine,  
In Him they live, and round him twine.

Their bond is not an earthly love,  
By nature's fondness nursed ;  
As they love Him who reigns above,  
Because He loved them first,  
So they all minor ties disown—  
The sweetest for His sake alone.

## I AM A STRANGER IN THE EARTH.

Psalm cix. 19.

THE world is lovely, bright and gay,  
Its pleasures rich and rare,  
But what are all its charms to me,  
I am a stranger here.

Unheeded are its choicest gems,  
Its glory is not dear ;  
Tasteless its riches, hopes and joys,  
I am a stranger here.

Beyond the skies ! there is my home,  
All beautiful and fair ;  
My joys and hopes are fixed above—  
I am a stranger here.

## TEMPTATION.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able: but will with the temptation also make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it."—1 Cor. x. 13.

OH ! words of great and gracious power !  
Blest safeguard in temptation's hour !  
When all my feeble hopes depart,  
This promise cheers my drooping heart.  
My steps may err, my courage fail,  
And worldly lures my strength assail ;  
Yet still it tells me, that the snare  
Shall not be more than I can bear.

Oft, when I feel disturbing doubt,  
Caused by a treacherous world without ;  
Oft, when I mourn corroding sin,  
Deep in a guilty heart within ;  
Though hard the conflict to sustain,  
Let me not tremble or complain ;  
For that blest thought relieves my care !—  
It is not more than I can bear.

When pleasure's gay and glittering way  
 Invites my heedless feet to stray ;  
 When passion's stormy waves molest  
 My aching heart and troubled breast ;  
 When hourly round my path arise  
 Temptations in each varied guise ;  
 What were my anguish, my despair,  
 To find them more than I could bear ?

{ Yet more they would be, blessed Lord,  
 { But for Thy strength, Thy arm, Thy word.  
 { Yes, 'tis thy hand supports my form,  
 { Amid the sunshine or the storm ;  
 { Thy voice, when sin and strife control,  
 { Still whispers comfort to my soul :  
 { Bowing before Thy throne in prayer,  
 { I learn to trust, submit, and bear.

Away, then, vain and coward tears !  
 Away, distrustful, impious fears !  
 Let me not rashly dare to say,  
 That I am doomed the tempter's prey.

Although awhile I own his art ;  
Though frail, though weak, my rebel heart ;  
The Lord that feeble heart will spare,  
Nor try it more than it can bear.

Then deign, Almighty Guardian, still  
Thy word of promise to fulfil ;  
I would not crave release from strife,  
Or absence from the snares of life,  
But grant that in temptation's day,  
I still may meekly, humbly say,  
" Thanks to my heavenly Father's care,  
I feel not more than I can bear."

— “FEAR NOT.”

“Fear not little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”—Luke xii. 32.

THEN fear ye not—ye faithful few,  
 Tho’ rough the road and dark the view,  
 Tho’ trials all around you stand,  
 And cares perplex on every hand;  
 If journeying on hard seems your lot,  
 Thro’ all, oh ! let your faith fail not !

Ye little band—thro’ suffering led  
 The thorny path of life to tread ;  
 Tho’ tempest-tossed and comfortless,  
 Tho’ many sorrows round you press ;  
 If journeying on, hard seems your lot,  
 Thro’ all, oh ! let your faith fail not !

Ye poor in spirit—and ye meek,  
 To you his promise God will keep ;

Ye pilgrims travelling Zionward—  
 Ye humble followers of your Lord ;  
 If journeying on, hard seems your lot,  
 Thro' all, oh ! let your faith fail not !

Ye heavy-hearted — contrite few—  
 Remember Jesus died for you ;  
 For you upon the cross he bled—  
 For you his precious blood was shed :  
 And tho' now hard may seem your lot,  
 Thro' all, oh ! let your faith fail not !

Ye little flock—not of the world ;  
 Ye sheep of Christ's eternal fold,  
 { Lift up your heads, in hope rejoice,  
 For ye shall hear your Master's voice,  
 Altho' now hard may be your lot,  
 If thro' it all your faith fail not.

Be comforted—your faith hold fast,  
 And when the storms of life are past,  
 When all the path of suffering's trod,  
 Ye shall surround the throne of God ;

And loud Hosannas ceaseless sing  
 To your Redeemer, Priest and King :  
 Triumphant then shall be your lot,  
 And all your trials be forgot,  
 If to the end your faith fail not.

---

### HOPE ON.

“ In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world.”—John xvi. 33.

HOPE on, thou weary traveller,  
 Who treads the “ narrow road ;”  
 Though low’ring clouds may intervene,  
 And hide the smiles of God ;  
 Though few the gushing springs of life  
 Refresh thy thirsting soul ;



Though lightnings' fiery shafts are hurled,  
And thunders round thee roll,  
Faint not, but trust the hand of God,  
'Twill guide thee on the "narrow road."

Oh, teach thine eye, in faith and hope,  
To pierce the cloudy screen,  
Where all before was seeming ill,  
A Father's smiles are seen :  
Joy, in thy tribulation—

His wounds in love are given ;  
Press on, nor heed the storms of earth ;  
Thy treasure is in heaven.  
Hope on ! press on the "narrow road"  
Which leads to perfect rest in God.

## "WATCH YE."

Mark xiv. 38.

WHEN summer decks thy path with flowers,  
And pleasure's smile is sweetest ;  
When not a cloud above thee lowers,  
And sunshine leads thy happy hours,  
Thy happiest and thy fleetest ;  
O ! watch thou then, lest pleasure's smile  
Thy spirit of its hope beguile.

When round thee gathering storms are nigh,  
And grief thy days hath shaded ;  
When earthly joys bloom but to die,  
And tears suffuse thy weeping eye,  
And hope's bright bow hath faded ;  
O ! watch thou then, lest anxious care  
Invade thy heart, and rankle there.

Through all life's scenes—through joy and wo,  
Through days of mirth and sadness,  
Where'er thy wandering footsteps go—  
Oh! think how transient here below,  
Thy sorrow and thy gladness;  
And watch thou always, lest thou stray  
From Him who points thy heavenward way.

---

#### ENDURING TO THE END.

“To him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I  
show the salvation of God.”—Psalm l. 28.

BE this my one great business here,  
With holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all Thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

## THE RAINBOW.

WHEN the sun with cheerful beams,  
Smiles upon a low'ring sky,  
Soon its aspect soften'd seems,  
And a rainbow meets the eye;  
While the sky remains serene,  
This bright arch is never seen.

Thus the Lord's supporting power,  
Brightest to the saints appears,  
When affliction's threat'ning hour  
Fills their sky with clouds and fears :  
He can wonders then perform,  
Paint a rainbow on the storm.

All their graces doubly shine,  
When their troubles press them sore ;  
And the promises divine  
Give them joys unknown before ;  
As the colours of the bow  
To the cloud their brightness owe.

## PRAYER ANSWERED BY CROSSES.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace,  
Might more of His salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
And He, I trust, has answered prayer;  
But it has been in such a way,  
As almost drove me to despair.

I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,  
At once he'd answer my request,  
And by His love's constraining power  
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

Instead of this he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

---

Yea, more, with His own hand he seem'd  
- Intent to aggravate my woe ;  
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd ;  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

“ Lord, Why is this ?” I trembling cried ;  
“ Wilt Thou pursue thy worm to death ?”  
“ 'Tis in this way,” the Lord replied,  
“ I answer prayer for grace and faith.

“ These inwards trials I employ,  
“ From self and pride to set thee free,  
“ And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
“ That thou may'st seek thy all in me.”

## NONE OF THESE THINGS MOVE ME.

Acts xx. 24.

OH, for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though press'd by many a foe ;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of poverty or woe :

That will not murmur nor complain,  
Beneath the chast'ning rod ;  
But in the hour of grief and pain,  
Can lean upon its God :

A faith that shines more bright, more clear,  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt :

A faith that keeps the narrow way,  
Till life's last spark is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying bed.

OH THAT I WERE AS IN MONTHS PAST.

Job xxix. 2.

DEAR Saviour whom my spirit loves,  
 And whom I would adore,  
 Oh, tell me if thou pleasest, why  
 I cannot love thee more.

Oh ! tell me where that zeal has flown,  
 That bound me once to Thee,  
 And where my faith and sight have gone,  
 That now I cannot see.

I used that I could call on Thee,  
 And on Thy help rely,  
 Through dreary paths I used to walk,  
 And feel that Thou wast nigh.

I used that I could worship Thee,  
 I used that I could bow,  
 Upon the suppliant's bended knee.  
 But ah ! I cannot now.



Oh ! wherefore didst Thou take away  
The openings of Thy will,  
Oh ! why not let Thy Spirit stay  
To be my Guardian still !

But ah ! I curb the forward wish,  
To know thy wise decree,  
That thou art wise, and just, and good,  
Is all I ought to see.

Perhaps I step't aside to shun  
The pointings of Thy law,  
Perhaps I coolly left undone,  
The duties that I saw.

Perhaps I boldly dar'd to slight  
The dawnings of Thy love,  
Or scorned the little gleams of light  
Descending from above,

Oh ! if I could reject the calls  
Which lured me to Thy rest,  
Or choose the high behests of pride  
To being lowly blest—

Then spare not, Lord, Thy sovereign hand,  
 Nor pity with Thine eye,  
 Until my strong unbending will,  
 And stubborn nature die.

---

“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HANDS.”

Psalm xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life  
 Is portioned out for me :  
 And the changes that are sure to come,  
 I do not fear to see :—  
 But I ask Thee for a present mind  
*Intent* on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thankful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And to wipe the weeping eyes,

And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be dealt with as a child  
And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatso'er estate ;  
I have a fellowship with hearts,  
To keep and cultivate ;  
And a work of holy love to do,  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask, denied.  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at thy side,  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee.  
More careful than to serve Thee much,  
To please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,  
That call for patient care ;  
There is a crook in every lot,  
And a need for earnest prayer.  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,  
Is happy everywhere.

In a service that Thy love appoints,  
There are no bonds for me,  
For my secret heart is taught the truth  
That makes thy children "free,"  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

## THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

ONWARD Christian ! tho' the region  
Where thou art be drear and lone,  
God hath set a guardian legion,  
Very near thee—press thou on.

Listen Christian ! their hosanna  
. Rolleth o'er thee—"God is love."  
Write upon thy red-cross banner,  
Upward ever—Heaven's above.

By the thorn-road and none other,  
Is the mount of vision won ;  
Tread it without shrinking, brother,  
Jesus trod it—press thou on.

By thy trustful, calm endeavour,  
Guiding cheerful like the sun ;  
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,  
Oh ! for their sake, press thou on.

Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
For thy life of pain and peace,  
While it needs thee, oh no longer  
Pray thou for thy quick release.

Pray thou, Christian daily rather  
That thou be a faithful son,  
By the prayer of Jesus, Father,  
Not my will but Thine be done.

---

Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design,  
Are framed upon thy throne above,  
And every dark and bending line,  
Meets in the centre of thy love.

A PERSON WROTE TO A FRIEND INQUIRING WHERE SHE  
HAD BEEN! HAVING BEEN ILL, SHE RETURNED FOR  
ANSWER

TO THE BORDER LAND.

I'VE been to a land, a Border land,—  
Where there was but a strange dim light,  
Where shadows, and dreams, a spectral band  
Seemed real to the aching sight—  
I scarce bethought me how there I came,  
Or if thence I should pass again,  
Its morning and night were mark'd by the  
flight,  
Or coming of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this Border land,  
With its mountain ridges hoar,  
That they looked across to a wond'rous strand,  
A bright and unearthly shore,

Then I turned unto Him, the Crucified—  
 In most humble faith and prayer,  
 Who had ransomed with blood my sinful soul  
 For I thought He would call me there.

But no ! for awhile in the Border land,  
 He bade me in patience stay,  
 And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand,  
 Whilst He chased its gloom away.  
 He had led me amid those shadows dim,  
 And show'd that bright world so near,  
 To teach me, that earnest trust in Him  
 Is the one thing needful here.

And so from the land, the Border land,  
 I've turn'd me to earth once more ;—  
 But earth and its works, are but trifles scann'd  
 By the light of that radiant shore.  
 And Oh ! should they ever possess me again  
 Too deeply in heart and hand,  
 I must think how empty they seemed and vain  
 From the heights of the Border land.



The Border land hath depths and vales—  
 Where sorrow for sin was known ;  
 Where *small* seemed great, as weighed in  
     scales  
 Held by God's hand alone ;  
 'Twas the land where earthly pride seem'd  
     nought,  
 Where the poor were brought to mind,  
 With their scanty bed and their fireless cot,  
 And their bread so hard to find.

But little I heard in the Border land  
 Of all that passed below ;  
 The once loud voices of human life,  
 To the deafened ear were low ;  
 I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet call  
 And alike to its gibe and its sneer ;  
 Its riches were dross, and the loss of all,  
 Would then have scarce cost me a tear.

I met with a friend in the Border land  
 Whose teachings came with power,

---

To the blinded eye and the deafened ear  
 In affliction's loneliest hour ;  
 Times of refreshing to the soul  
 In languor oft He brings,  
 Prepares it then to meditate  
 On high and heavenly things.

Oh Holy Ghost ! too often grieved  
 In health and earthly haste ;  
 I bless those slow and silent hours,—  
 Which seemed to run to waste :  
 I would not but have passed those depths  
 And such communion known,  
 As can be held in the Border land  
 With *Thee* and *Thee* alone.

I've been to a land, a Border land !  
 May oblivion never roll  
 On the mighty lessons which there and then  
 Were graven upon my soul :  
 I have trodden a path I did not know,  
 Safe in my Saviour's hand ;  
 I can trust Him for all the future now,  
 I've been to the Border land.

## WALKING WITH GOD.

OH ! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord !  
Where is the soul refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return !  
Sweet messenger of rest :  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

---

“BEFORE I WAS AFFLICTED I WENT ASTRAY.”

Psalm cxix. 67.

Do ye not know—do ye not feel—  
 How much of earthly taint  
 Lingers around the human heart,  
 And makes the spirit faint ?

How many a foolish, wrong desire,  
 Doth lead the mind astray,

In the wide search for happiness,  
Far from the "narrow way."

And even when the light of joys  
Is beaming o'er the heart,  
How few are guided by its rays,  
To choose the "better part."

No ! we forget when all around,  
Is smooth, and bright, and fair ;  
The Being who bestows the good,  
And makes us all His care.

Aye, oftentimes forget—until  
He who is wise and just,  
Sends down His messengers of grief,  
To prove our hopes and trust.

Then not for us—oh ! not for us  
To say what should be given,  
By Him, who knows how much we need,  
To turn our hearts to Heaven !

## AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,  
Thy smile hath cheered my way,  
And joy hath budded from each thorn  
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,  
Which prosperous days refused,  
As herbs, though scentless when entire,  
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper as its boughs  
By furious blasts are driven ;  
So life's vicissitudes the more  
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot  
In other times may be,  
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief,  
That brings me near to Thee.

## RESIGNATION.

STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,  
Saviour to thy cross I cling;  
Thou hast every blow directed,  
Thou alone canst healing bring.

Try me till no dross remaineth,  
And whate'er the trial be,  
While Thy gentle arm sustaineth,  
Closer will I cling to Thee.

Cheerfully the stern rod kissing,  
I will hush each murmuring cry;  
Every doubt and fear dismissing,  
Passive in Thine arms will lie.

And when through deep seas of sorrow,  
I have gained the heavenly shore,  
Bliss from every wave I'll borrow,  
And for each will love Thee more.

**"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."**

John x. 14.

As when a child, secure from harms,  
 Hangs at the mother's breast,  
 Safe folded in her anxious arms,  
 Receiving food and rest ;  
 And while through many a painful path,  
 The travelling parent speeds,  
 The fearless babe, with passive faith,  
 Lies still, and yet proceeds.

Should some short start his quiet break,  
 He fondly strives to fling  
 His little arms about her neck,  
 And closer seems to cling.  
 Poor child ! maternal love alone  
 Preserves thee first and last ;  
 Thy parent's arms, and not thine own,  
 Are those that hold thee fast.



So souls that would to Jesus cleave,  
And hear His secret call,  
Must every fair pretension leave,  
And let the Lord be all;  
“Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,”  
The Shepherd softly cries;  
“Lord, tell me what ’tis close to keep,”  
The list’ning sheep replies.

“Thy whole dependence on me fix,  
Nor entertain a thought,  
Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,  
But venture to be nought;  
Fond self-direction is a shelf—  
Thy strength, thy wisdom, flee—  
When thou art nothing in thyself,  
Thou then art close to me.”

## THE PILGRIM'S WANTS.

I WANT that adorning divine,  
Thou only, my God, canst bestow ;  
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,  
Which distinguish thy household below.

I want, O ! I want to attain  
Some likeness, my Saviour, to thee,  
That longed for resemblance once more to  
regain,  
Thy comeliness put upon me.

I want to be marked for Thy own,  
Thy seal on my forehead to wear,  
To receive that "new name" on the mystic  
white stone,  
Which only Thyself canst declare.

I want every moment to feel  
That the Spirit does dwell in my heart,

That His power is present to cleanse and to  
heal,  
And newness of life to impart.

I want so in Thee to abide,  
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise ;  
The branch which Thou prunest, though feeble  
and dried,  
May languish, but never decays.

I want thine own hand to unbind  
Each tie to terrestrial things,  
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,  
Where my heart too tenaciously clings.

I want, by my aspect serene,  
My actions and words to declare,  
That my treasure is placed in a country un-  
seen,  
That my heart and affections are there.

I want, as a traveller, to haste  
Straight onward, nor pause on my way,

No forethought nor anxious contrivance to  
 - waste

On the tent only fixed for a day.

I want, and this sums up my prayer,  
 To glorify Thee till I die ;  
 Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,  
 And breathe out in prayer my last sigh.

---

“ SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED  
 HAVEN.”

Psalm cvii. 80.

HALF a wreck, by tempests driven,  
 Yet this feeble bark survives,  
 Dashed against the rocks and riven,  
 In the midst of death it lives;  
 See it pressed on every side,  
 See it still the storm outride.

Can a bark like mine so shattered,  
Ever reach yon friendly shore ?  
Tempest-tost so long, and battered,  
Can it stand one conflict more ?  
Should another storm assail,  
Mast and planks, and all must fail.

So they would, but One that's greater  
Than the storms and waves is here ;  
He it is, whose name is sweeter  
Far than music to my ear ;  
He preserves my shattered bark ;  
He makes light when all is dark.

Jesus is the Lord, who hears me,  
When the tempest roars around ;  
He it is whose presence cheers me,  
When I hear the dreadful sound ;  
Trusting in his grace and power,  
Need I fear the darkest hour ?

What, though every plank is starting,  
Waves are running mountains high,

Thunders roaring, lightnings darting,  
 And no saving hand seems nigh,  
 Let me still no danger fear,  
 Jesus, though unseen, is near.

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“THE WAYS OF ZION MOURN.”

Lam. i. 4.

O GOD of Zion! from Thy throne  
 Look with an eye of pity down;  
 Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—  
 Thy church, the object of thy care.

We are a building Thou hast raised,  
 How kind thy hand, that hand be prais'd!  
 Yet all to utter ruin falls,  
 If Thou forsake our tottering walls.

We call to mind the happier days  
 Of life and love, of prayer and praise;  
 When holy services give birth  
 To joys resembling heaven on earth.

But now the ways of Zion mourn,  
Her gates neglected and forlorn ;  
Our life and liveliness are fled,  
And many number'd with the dead.

We need defence from all our foes,  
We need relief from all our woes ;  
If earth and hell should yet assail,  
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

Near to each other and to Thee,  
Lord bring us all in unity ;  
Thou, all our numerous wants supply,  
And pour Thy spirit from on high.

---

MY DEPARTED MOTHER.

I MISS thee, when bright morning glows,  
When every opening flowret blows ;  
I miss thee when lone evening wanes,  
When memory brings with lengthened chains,  
Thy love, thy matchless care and pains.

I miss thee, when dark lurid night,  
 Has deeply veiled soft nature's light ;  
 I miss thee from thy well-known place,  
 Thy gentle, kind, and placid face,  
 Adorned with many a Christian grace,  
My Mother !

I miss thee, when the cares of time  
 Press on me, or its joys entwine ;  
 I miss thee in the house of prayer,  
 I feel thou art no longer there ;  
 And can'st not here our worship share.

For oh, triumphant in the sky,  
 Thou'st joined the holy church on high ;  
 Companion of that ransomed band,  
 That round the throne rejoicing stand,  
 Harping sweet praises in that land.

Where crystal fountains freely flow,  
 Where rainbow tints "like emeralds" glow ;



Singing "new songs," which none can sing,  
 But those who "palms" victorious bring  
 To heaven's eternal, living King,  
My Mother!

Shall I then crave thee back again,  
 To this low world of care and pain?  
 Ah, no!—from glorious scenes of light,  
 Arrayed in angel vesture white,  
 I would not take one moment bright!

For sure the attracting star that led  
 The shepherds to that lowly bed,  
 Still leads to Jesus—leads to thee—  
 Though thou canst ne'er return to me,  
 Nor here on earth my guardian be.

Then be the fruitless tear repressed—  
 Be mine to gain thy place of rest!  
 In worship seek Jehovah's feet,  
 Anoint myself, and grateful eat,  
 The bitter bread that seemeth meet,  
My Mother.

## "GRIEVE NOT THY SIRE."

AH! grieve not him, whose silver hairs,  
Thin o'er his wasted temples stray;  
Grieve not thy sire, when time impairs  
The glory of his manhood's sway.

His tottering steps with reverence aid,  
Bind his sunk brow with honour's wreath,  
And let his deafen'd ear be made  
The harp where filial love shall breathe.

What though his pausing mind partake  
His frail companion's dark decay,  
Though wearied, blinded memory break  
The casket where her treasures lay.

With ready aim his burden bear,  
Bring heavenly balm his wounds to heal,  
And with affections pitying care  
The error that thou mark'st conceal.

Say, canst thou tell how oft those arms ·  
Have clasped thee to that shielding breast,  
Where infant fears, or fancied harms,  
Thy weak and wayward soul distress ?

Knowest thou how oft that lip has strove  
Thine uninstructed mind to aid ?  
How oft a parent's prayer of love  
Has risen on midnight's deepest shade ?

Grieve not thy father till he die !  
Lest when he sleep on nature's breast,  
The record of his lightest sigh  
Should prove a dagger to thy rest.

For if thy holiest debt of love  
Forgotten or despised should be,  
He whom thou call'st thy Sire above  
May bend a judge's frown on thee.

"WHO SHALL MAKE THAT STRAIGHT, WHICH  
GOD HATH MADE CROOKED?"

How tenderly Thy hand is laid,  
O Lord, upon Thy child!  
How gently is the rough winds staid,  
When eastern blasts are wild!

So graciously our cup is crown'd,  
And mixed with loving care,  
The drops of bitterness are found,  
The best ingredient there.

The flame that should our dross destroy,  
So temper'd is by Thee,  
Instead of pain, a place of joy  
The furnace proves to be.

Tho' every earthly lamp may fade,  
We count the darkness sweet,  
For in the gloom, and in the shade,  
Our Saviour's steps we meet.

O Father, we will ask Thee not,  
In blessing, to remove  
The crook that marks our mortal lot,  
But point it with Thy love.

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## EVERMORE REJOICE.

SPIRIT, sorrowing on thy road,  
Bowed and chastened by thy God,  
Bend thee lowly, cast thee down,  
Every idol, every crown—  
Then look upwards, list the voice,  
Saying evermore rejoice.

'Tis not meet that those who bear  
Sovereign proof of heavenly care,  
Should repine and long to be,  
From such blessed bondage free—  
Look thee upward, list the voice,  
Evermore rejoice, rejoice.

Faithless, stricken, sorrowing one,  
Journey forward, journey on ;  
She whose anguish, dark and deep,  
Led her by the way to weep ;  
Still could heavenly solace see,  
In the thought, " God seeth me."

Sees He not each wayside one ;  
Hears He not each throbbing groan ;  
And He promises to keep,  
Blessings for the souls who weep ;  
For He registers on high,  
Every contrite mourner's sigh.

Gird the heavenly armour on,  
Mount for heaven's eternal throne,  
Where the ransomed mourners meet  
Worshippers at Jesus' feet ;  
And the Saviour's blissful voice,  
Bids them evermore rejoice.

## IT IS THE LORD.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,  
In trial's fearful hour—  
Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod,  
And bless his sparing power,  
A joy springs up amidst distress—  
A fountain in the wilderness.

O ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,  
Though sorrows fix me there,  
Is still a privilege ; and sweet  
The energies of prayer,  
Though sighs and tears its language be,  
If Christ be nigh, 'tis well with me.

O ! blessed be the hand that gave,  
Still blessed when it takes ;  
Blessed be he who smites to save,  
Who heals the heart he breaks ;  
Perfect and true are all his ways,  
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

## FROM HABAKKUK,

## Chap. iii.

THOUGH the fig-tree my bower that o'ershaded  
Refuse what it gave me before ;  
Though the vine's wreathed curtain, all faded,  
Refresh with its clusters no more ;—

Though the olive, loved symbol of heaven,  
Be guarded and cherish'd in vain ;  
Though the field, for the blessing once given,  
But the thorn and the thistle retain ;—

Though the home where the herd is retreating  
Its sweet flowing stores should withhold ;  
Nor voice of the flock's tender bleating  
Be heard in the desolate fold ;—

These joys are the moonbeam that waneth ;  
While the sun whence it sprung is the same :  
Jehovah, my Saviour, remaineth ;  
And I will rejoice in His name.



Undried is that fountain of pleasure,  
 Whose drops 'mid this wilderness fall :  
 Still safe, still untouch'd is my treasure ;  
 For mine is the Giver of all.

---

#### GRATEFUL FOR TRIALS.

LORD, I would thank Thee, if thine hand  
 Hath sometimes planted in my way  
 A thorn, to teach, this earthly land  
 Was not intended for my stay ;  
 But that a better rest remains,  
 Which neither sin nor sorrow stains.

When prosperous seasons brightly smile,  
 And cloudless seems the azure dome,  
 How oft does thoughtless joy beguile  
 The soul to seek no better home ;  
 Thanks, if some bitter, painful things  
 Remind me of celestial springs.

Grant me these tokens to receive,  
Remembering whence and why they came;  
Then shall I in thy love believe,  
And breathe thanksgivings to Thy name;  
Tokens of thy paternal love,  
Pledges of endless good above.

---

Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—  
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of God.

A bruised reed He will not break,  
Afflictions all His children feel;  
He wounds them for His mercy's sake  
He wounds to heal!

*Beaumont*

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,  
 No weary wasting of the frame away,  
 No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,  
 No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,  
 No wild and cheerless vision of despair,  
 No vain petition for a swift relief,  
 No tearful eye, no broken heart is there.

Care has no home  
 Within that realm of ceaseless praise and  
 song—  
 Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,  
 Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

No night distils  
 Its chilling dew upon the tender frame;  
 No moon is needed there; the light which fills  
 That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends

O'er mournful recollections have to weep ;  
No bed of death enduring love attends,  
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower

Or withered bud, celestial gardens know !  
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower,  
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle word

Startles the sacred host with fear and dread ;  
The song of peace Creation's morning heard,  
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread !

Let us depart

If home like this await the weary soul.  
Look up thou stricken one ; thy wounded heart  
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide

White-robed and innocent to trace the way,  
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,  
And find the ocean of Eternal Day ?”

FAINT YET PURSUING.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God.—  
Eph. vi. 13.

THERE is a battle to be fought,  
An up-hill race to run;  
A crown of glory to be sought,  
A victory to be won.

O faint not, Christian, for thy sighs  
Are heard before His throne;  
The race must come before the prize,  
The cross before the crown.

But none shall gain the blissful place,  
Or God's unclouded glory see;  
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,  
Unless that grace has made him free?

THE END.











